

# ANNOUNCEMENT

We have now on display in our garage and show rooms at 628 Mulberry Street, another car load of the Mitchell Little Sixes.

To those contemplating purchasing a motor car, remember to ask the agent these questions before you close the deal:

1. Has your car a 132 inch wheel base. You will find a shorter wheel base than this uncomfortable, especially on W. Va. roads.
2. Is your motor of the six cylinder type, with a bore and stroke of not less than 4x6, with a valve diameter of not less than 2 5-16 and the valves located on opposite sides (which practice is carried out in all of the high grade cars.)
3. Are the valves enclosed and running in oil.
4. Is the fan gear driven or is it of the trouble giving belt driven type.
5. Is your car completely equipped with electric lights and electric self starter, top, windshield, speedometer, Firestone Demountable rims with one extra rim, full set of side curtains tools, jack, tire pump and complete tire repair outfit and using the Bosch Imported High Tension Ignition System and Rayfield Carburetor.
6. Is your transmission of the selective sliding gear type with center control and have you left hand drive.
7. Is your rear axle full floating and is it locked at the wheel and differential ends thereby doing away with the back lash so commonly found in other cars.
8. Is the price of your car more than \$1850 and if so why do you find it necessary to charge more.

After getting his answer to this please call on us and see this Mitchell car for yourself, let us take you for a ride in it and explain to you that the Mitchell Co. at Racine, Wis., has been in business for 78 years and has a working capital upward of ten million dollars. Is not this alone convincing proof that there must be quality in their products.

## JOHNSTON-RANSONE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

### CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

#### Empire Building Directory

H. C. Alexander Brokerage Co. Room 427	Fourth Floor
Board of Education, Clarksburg Independent District Room 431	Fourth Floor
Croft Lumber Co., J. H. Henderson, Pres., Room 444	Sixth Floor
Alexander & Alexander, Insurance, Room 426	Fourth Floor
D. D. Britz, Civil Engineer, Room 322	Third Floor
Walter Barger, Room 444	Sixth Floor
C. A. Butcher, Lumber, Room 320	Third Floor
Consolidation Coal Co., Rooms 533-540	Fifth Floor
Citizens' Loan Co., Room 316	Third Floor
R. G. Dun & Co., Room 450	Sixth Floor
Empire Sign Co., Office, entrance basement.	
Miss Beulah W. Morgan Room 445	Sixth Floor
Dr. R. L. Osborn, Room 204	Second Floor
Public Stenographer, Room 211 1/2	Second Floor
C. A. Osborn Room 319	Third Floor
Prudential Life Insurance Co., Room 230	Fourth Floor
Rich Mountain Coal Co., Room 427	Fourth Floor
Fairmont Coal Co., Room 535	Fifth Floor
G. W. Gall, Jr., Room 450	Sixth Floor
Home Loan Co., Room 444	Sixth Floor
Dr. F. A. Hill, Physician, Room 444	Sixth Floor
International Life Insurance Co., Rooms 401-402	Second Floor
Clarksburg Telegram Co., Printers and Publishers, First Floor	Main Street
Holmes & LaSalle, Architects, Rooms 451-454	Sixth Floor
Harrison County Medical Society, Room 208	Second Floor
Hope Natural Gas Co., Rooms 754 to 761	Seventh Floor
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Suite 315	Third Floor
Dr. S. M. Mason Rooms 201-202	Second Floor
Neff & Lohm Attorneys-at-Law, Room 207	Second Floor
S. Newman, Ladies' Tailor, Room 533-445 1/2	Fifth Floor
Owens Bridge Co., Rooms 220-321	Third Floor
Richards Construction Co., Contractors, Rooms 445-445 1/2-446	Sixth Floor
Lewis M. Sutton Special Agent Mutual Life Ins. Co., Merchandise Floor	
Ray, Hig. Reel & Supply Co., Oil and Gas Well Contractors' Supplies, Room 423	Fourth Floor

#### Sperry & Sperry, Attorneys-at-Law,

Rooms 203-4	Second Floor
W. H. Taylor, Lawyer, Room 412	Fourth Floor
A. K. Thorn & Co., Bonds Room 418	Fourth Floor
Union Central Life Insurance Co., Room 415	Sixth Floor
Olandus West, Coal, Oil and Gas, Room 318	Third Floor
Dr. J. E. Wilson, Physician, Room 211 1/2	Second Floor
R. R. Wilson, Lawyer, Room 206	Second Floor
Dr. R. D. Rumbaugh, Dentist, Rooms 312-313	Third Floor
West Virginia Fair Association, Room 649	Sixth Floor

#### Baseball

CITY LEAGUE.	
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Yesterday's Results.	
No games scheduled.	

Today's Game.	
Smith's All Stars vs. Dresbach's All Stars.	

Sunday's Game.	
Mannington vs. Clarksburg All Stars.	

Standing of the Clubs.	
Goff Building ..... 12 2 .857	
Scholastics ..... 7 7 .500	
Elks ..... 4 8 .333	
Bowlers ..... 3 9 .250	

NATIONAL LEAGUE.	
*****	

#### Yesterday's Results.

St. Louis ..... 6 10 1	
Boston ..... 4 6 3	
Batteries: Burke, Sallee and Wingo; Tyler and Rariden.	

Chicago ..... 8 4	
New York ..... 12 22 1	
Batteries: Lavender, Pierce, and Richie and Bresnahan; Tesreau, Fromme and Wilson and Meyers.	

Cincinnati ..... 5 13 0	
Brooklyn ..... 3 10 2	
Batteries: Benton and Clarke; Stack and Miller and Fisher.	

Pittsburg ..... 7 9 3	
Philadelphia ..... 2 7 3	
Batteries: Hendrix and Simon; Marshall, Rixey and Hawley.	

Today's Games.	
St. Louis at Boston.	
Cincinnati at Brooklyn.	
Chicago at New York.	
Pittsburg at Philadelphia.	

Tomorrow's Games.	
Chicago at Brooklyn.	
Cincinnati at New York.	
St. Louis at Philadelphia.	

#### Pittsburg at Boston.

Standing of the Clubs.	
New York ..... 50 24 .675	
Philadelphia ..... 41 30 .577	
Chicago ..... 41 37 .525	
Pittsburg ..... 38 38 .500	
Brooklyn ..... 35 37 .486	
Boston ..... 33 42 .444	
St. Louis ..... 32 45 .415	
Cincinnati ..... 31 48 .392	

*****	
AMERICAN LEAGUE.	
*****	

Yesterday's Results.	
New York ..... 11 18 0	
Chicago ..... 1 5 4	
Batteries: Keating and Smith; O'Brien, White and Schalk.	

Philadelphia ..... 11 15 0	
Cleveland ..... 5 8 3	
Batteries: Bender and Schang; Kahler, Blanding and O'Neill and Bassler.	

Washington ..... 5 6 1	
Detroit ..... 2 6 4	
Batteries: Boehling and Henry; Willett, House, Lake and Stange.	

Boston ..... 1 7 1	
St. Louis ..... 5 10 2	
Batteries: Bedient, Leonard and Carrigan; Hamilton and Agnew.	

Today's Games.	
New York at Chicago.	
Boston at St. Louis.	
Washington at Detroit.	
Philadelphia at Cleveland.	

Tomorrow's Games.	
New York at Chicago.	
Boston at St. Louis.	
Washington at Detroit.	
Philadelphia at Cleveland.	

Standing of the Clubs.	
Philadelphia ..... 56 20 .737	
Cleveland ..... 49 31 .612	
Washington ..... 44 36 .556	
Chicago ..... 43 38 .526	
Boston ..... 38 37 .506	
St. Louis ..... 33 52 .388	
Detroit ..... 32 52 .381	
New York ..... 23 52 .306	

#### BOWLING NEWS

##### Dresbach Team Wins.

Dresbach's team defeated "Daddy" Drake's team in the second game of the three game contest played on the Gore alleys Friday night by a total of sixty-seven pins. The Drake team was handicapped by the rolling of Collins, who made a very poor showing, only totalling 259 in the three games.

Drake outrolled Dresbach in the contest, having high score and high

##### ON VACATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Knowles will spend two weeks away from home beginning the first of next week. They will first visit her mother at East Liverpool, O., and then go to Beaver River, Pa., to visit her brothers. The restaurant at the Metropolitan conducted by Mr. Knowles will be closed during his absence.

average in the contest. In the first game he rolled 149 and totalling 363, for an average of 121.

The third and final game of the series will be rolled next Friday night and a fast and exciting game is expected. Score:

Dresbach Team.	
L. Deem ..... 103 122 97-322	
Smoot ..... 110 124 96-330	
A. Hayes ..... 132 112 118-362	
McFarlin ..... 95 97 91-283	
Dresbach ..... 112 108 107-327	

Totals ..... 552 563 519-1624	
Drake Team.	
Lida ..... 101 95 94-294	
Crimm ..... 108 95 97-300	
Collins ..... 85 95 79-259	
Drake ..... 149 98 116-363	
Sehon ..... 120 106 119-345	

Totals ..... 563 489 505-1557	
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#### Confession of a Girl Graduate

##### A Story For Commencement

By EDITH V. ROSS

When I was a little girl there was a boy in the high school of whom great things in a scholarly way were expected. He not only stood first in his class, but showed an originality that astonished the teachers. Alan Broadwell was his name, and at the time I first heard of him and his remarkable brain he was fifteen years old. He was then prepared to go to college, but his father would not permit him to go until he was two years older.

I was then thirteen, the age when a girl throws away her doll and begins to aspire to things less childlike and more womanlike. I had two brothers, Tom and Jim—Tom a year older than Alan, and Jim a year younger. One May morning, when I was sitting on the porch reading a romance, Alan Broadwell came in at the gate and asked if Tom was at home. I told him that Tom was in the house and I would go and find him.

That was all that was required of me. Alan wouldn't bestow a thought on me for a companion, and yet



"I PUT MY HANDS ON MY EYES."

good deal to me—a tall, handsome, intellectual boy—and I would have given a year of my life for a single word or even look indicating his slightest interest in me.

When Alan was graduated at college he was made assistant professor of English literature at his alma mater. The university was a co-ed institution, and when I became twenty I entered for a degree. My brother Tom had gone far away, and Professor Broadwell, who was just entering upon his duties as an instructor, was not aware that there was such a person as myself among the students. I did not make myself known to him, and I had no changed that he did not recognize me.

When my class reached a point where we were required to write essays—we handed them in for inspection and correction to him. If there was a facility for anything in my dull brain it was for scribbling. At school my compositions always received the highest mark. When I wrote my first essay as a college student I took especial pains with it—pains in two ways, the one to treat my subject as well as possible, the other to make a lot of errors in the construction of sentences. In explanation of this I will say that students go to college for different purposes. Usually they go to get an education. Some go to have a good time. I went for the purpose of ensnaring Professor Broadwell. By making the substance of my essay good I would attract his attention. By putting in a great many errors I was likely to have them pointed out to me by the professor.

A few days after handing in my production I was asked to remain after lecture, and when the class had gone out I went up to the professor's desk. He took up my essay and said to me: "Miss Brown, you have a gift for writing, and it is a pity that your education in grammar and construction of sentences should be so deficient."

He opened my manuscript, and it was a sight to behold. There were innumerable scratches, potholes, P's with the tops turned the wrong way—to mark new paragraphs—words interlined here and there with little triangles under them. Indeed, the whole essay looked as if a daddy longlegs had waded through a pool of ink, then strolled over the paper.

"One of the first rules of rhetoric," the professor went on, "is that the opening paragraph should be pointed and not too long. It should catch the attention of the reader and direct it toward what is to follow. I would divide your first paragraph here." And he put the tip of his pencil on one of his P's with the wrong side foremost. "I also observe," he continued, "that in a number of instances you have ended a sentence with a preposition, which is unadvisable. I would recommend you to learn the difference between 'shall' and 'will.' You have invariably used them incorrectly."

"Oh, yes you can. It's very simple when you once catch the idea." He went on to explain it to me, using the familiar illustration of the man in the water who intended to shout "No one will save me; I shall drown," but said instead "No one shall save me; I will drown." Then he gave me the grammatical rule for it all, and when he had finished, if I was drowning and should act in accordance with my understanding of his explanation, I would certainly forbid any one to help me. But I didn't tell him so. I simply looked as if it were all clear to me.

He was certainly very kind to give me all this information, and if I had had any conscience I should have been ashamed of myself that nine-tenths of it was unnecessary. I having made the end of his instruction and said that I would profit by them, which was deceptive, for I intended to make other mistakes in my next essay that would bring about a similar interview.

And so I did. On the second occasion of my being called upon to remain after lecture for instruction the professor complimented me even more highly on my handling of my subject than before, but he seemed to be much distressed on my deficiency of handling the English language. "You confuse

#### EDISON A BEAUTY DOCTOR; TO BE PRETTY LISTEN TO MY NEW PHONOGRAPH, SEZZEE



the verbs 'to lie' and 'to lay,' he said, "the one meaning to recline, the other to place some thing." He gave me the grammatical construction, then asked me to give him an example. I said, "I would have lain the book on the table."

He looked at me with a mingled pity and distress and went over the ground again, which was what I wished him to do, for I had made the blunder purposely. At the end of his second explanation he asked me for another example. I said, "I hid down to rest." At this he grew impatient and spoke sharply to me, whereupon I put my hands over my eyes to conceal tears that I could not shed. At this he spoke to me not only gently, but I was rejoiced at perceiving tenderness in his voice.

"Pardon me, Miss Brown," he said; "I will not be so impatient with you again. Doubtless you will learn all these points in construction in time. I have been anxious that you should acquire them because you are one of the best writers in your class. I will not call your attention to them again, but leave you to pick them up as you proceed."

"You mean that you're tired of trying to teach me," I whined. "Not at all; not at all, I assure you. If you prefer it I will continue."

"I do prefer it," I said, drying eyes into which I had succeeded in forcing a bit of moisture. Then, taking my essay, I went to the door, the professor politely opening it for me. I maintaining my lugubrious countenance till it had closed behind me. Then I congratulated myself that I had made considerable advance toward obtaining the degree that was nearest my heart—M. A. L., or mistress of the art of love.

I blush now, years after I was aiming at this degree, at the devices, the expedients, to which I resorted. During the period that I was handing in essays to Professor Broadwell I continued a pretended obtuseness at his instructions that they might be repeated over and over again. I put off telling him that I was the sister of his boy chum, that I had acted the part of messenger for him when I was a little girl and that during his visits to Tom had never once looked at or spoken to me except as he would to a child.

One day Tom came from his faraway home and visited me at college. He had lost track of Broadwell, but, taking up a college bulletin, saw his name among those of the faculty.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "My old friend Alan Broadwell is here as assistant professor of English literature."

"Is he?" I said indifferently. He ran away to find his chum, and that evening I was introduced to the professor as Tom's sister. There was real surprise expressed by the professor and sham surprise by me. By this time I had made a different impression upon my victim from that of a child, and from that time I was treated with the additional consideration of Tom's sister. I became under the professor's instruction proficient in the use of the English language and gave him credit for having infused a knowledge of the subject into my dull brain.

When my college career came to an end I told Professor Broadwell that I should rely on him for advice with regard to my commencement oration. It was not that I wished to make a creditable exit from the university on taking my degree, but that I might take that other degree of M. A. L. before leaving him a prey to other women, and I was quite sure that I could bring him to a proposal while consulting with him upon the subject matter of my oration. It required half a dozen consultations to enable me to select a subject, half a dozen more to decide

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